

Jim McHough.

Convention Souvenir

Song Book



LIBERTY
INTELLIGENCE
OUR
NATION'S
SAFETY

Collected
"1962"
J. 90

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1962

Compliments of
**Moose Jaw Lions
Club**

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AMERICA

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My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

O CANADA

O Canada! Our home and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command,
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus:

O Canada! Glorious and free!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too
Keep the love light glowing in your eyes so true
Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

SUSIE

I have got a sweetie known as Susie,
In the words of Shakespeare she's a "wow,"
Though all of you may know her, too
I'd like to shout right now:

Chorus:

If you know Susie like I know Susie,
Oh! Oh! Oh what a girl!
There's none so classy as this fair lassie.
Oh! Oh! Holy Moses! What a chassiss!
We went riding, she didn't balk,
Back from Yonkers, I'm the one that had to walk.
If you know Susie like I know Susie,
Oh! Oh! What a girl!

—P. 34—Fireside Memories.

YES! WE HAVE NO BANANAS

Yes! We have no bananas,
We have no bananas today.
We've string beans and Honions
Cab-bagage and scallions,
And all kinds of fruit and say,
We have an old-fashioned To-mah-to,
Long Island Po-tah-to
But yes! We have no bananas,
We have no bananas today.

—P. 30—Fireside Memories.

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old dad;
She was a pearl, and the only girl
That daddy ever had;
A good old-fashioned girl with heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you;
I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

I met you in a garden in an old Kentucky town
The sun was shining down — You wore a gingham gown
I kissed you as I placed a Yellow Tulip in your Hair
Upon my coat you pinned a Rose so rare
Time has not changed your loveliness, you're just as sweet to me
I love you yet — I can't forget — The days that used to be.

Chorus:

When you wore a Tulip — A sweet, yellow Tulip
And I wore a Big Red Rose
When you caressed me — 'Twas then Heaven blessed me,
What a blessing no one knows.
You made life cheerier — When you called me dearie,
'Twas down where the blue grass grows,
Your lips were sweeter than Julep — When you wore a Tulip
And I wore a Big Red Rose.

—P. 2—Cavalcade of Song Hits.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swag man camped by a Bill-a-bong
Under the shade of the cool-i-bah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jump buck to drink at the Bill-a-bong,
Up jumped the swag man and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he tucked that jump buck in his tucker bag,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

(Sing chorus here)

Up rode the squatter mounted on his thor-ough-bred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
Where's that jolly jump buck you've got in your tucker bag?
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

(Sing chorus here)

Up jumped the swag man, sprang into the bill-a-bong,
You'll never catch me alive, said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the bill-a-bong,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

(Sing the chorus to finish)

—Sheet Music.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn.
Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
Oh this maid that I loved she was handsome,
And I tried all I knew her to please.
But I never could please her one quarter so well
As the man on the flying trapeze! Oh!

Chorus:

He floats thru' the air with the greatest of ease,
That daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His actions are graceful, all the girls he does please,
And my love he has stolen away.

—P. 24—Gay Nineties.

HOW YA' GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

How ya' gonna keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen
Pa-ree.
How ya' gonna keep 'em away from Broadway, jazzin around
and paintin' the town.
How ya' gonna keep 'em away from harm, that's a mystery.
They'll never want to see a rake or plow . . .
And who the deuce can parley-vous a cow?
How ya' gonna keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen
Pa-ree.

—P. 32—93 All-Time Favorites.

LET A SMILE BE YOUR UMBRELLA ON A RAINY DAY

Just let a smile be your umbrella, on a rain-y, rain-y day,
And if your sweetie cries just tell her that a smile will
always pay.
Whenever skies are gray, don't worry or fret,
A smile will bring the sunshine and you'll never get wet.
So let a smile be your umbrella on a rain-y, rain-y day.

—P. 49—93 All-Time Favorites.

I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY

I'm just wild about Harry — and Harry's wild about me,
The heav'n-ly bliss-es of his kiss-es fill me with ec-sta-sy,
He's sweet just like choc'-late can-dy, and just like honey from
the bee.
Oh, I'm just wild about Harry — and He's just wild about —
Cannot do without — He's just wild about me.

—P. 71—Gay Nineties.

LILLI MARLENE

Underneath the lantern, by the barrack gate,
Darling, I remember, the way you used to wait,
'Twas there you whispered tenderly, that you loved me,
 you'd always be
My Lilli of the lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part,
Darling, I'd caress you, and press you to my heart,
And there 'neath that far off lantern light, I'd hold you tight,
 we'd kiss goodnight,
My Lilli of the lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

Resting in a billet, just behind the line,
Even tho' we're parted, your lips are close to mine,
You wait where the lantern softly gleams, your sweet face
 seems to haunt my dreams,
My Lilli of the lamplight, my own Lilli Marlene.

—Sheet Music.

THE BELLS

Oh, hear those Bells go ding-a-ling-a-ling,
 As merry as can be.
Oh, hear those Bells go ding-a-ling-a-ling,
 They're ringing out for me.
We'll work and play and sing-a-ling-a-ling,
 For all that we hold dear.
Oh, make those Bells go ding-a-ling-a-ling,
 The Moose Jaw Lions are here.

LIONS ROAR

Don't you hear those Lions Roar.
Don't you hear those Lions Roar.
You can hear them Roaring every week,
As they feed and growl for more.
Don't you hear those Lions Roar,
That snarling, rumbling Roar.
So—Roar, Lions, bite 'em, bite 'em, bite 'em,
Don't you hear those Lions, hear those Lions,
Hear those Lions ROAR.

THAT LIONS FEELING

I've got that Lions feeling, up in my head,
Up in my head, up in my head.
I've got that Lions feeling, up in my head,
Up in my head today.

I've got that Lions feeling, here in my heart,
Here in my heart, here in my heart,
I've got that Lions feeling, here in my heart,
Here in my heart today.

I've got that Lions feeling, down in my feet,
Down in my feet, down in my feet,
I've got that Lions feeling, down in my feet,
Down in my feet today.

I've got that Lions feeling, all over me,
All over me, all over me.
I've got that Lions feeling, all over me,
All over me today.

I've got that Lions feeling, up in my head,
Here in my heart, down in my feet.
I've got that Lions feeling, all over me,
All over me today.

WHEN YOU'RE SMILING

When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.
When you're laughing, when you're laughing,
The sun comes shining through.
But when you're crying, you bring on the rain,
Stop your sighing, be happy again.
Keep on smiling, 'cause when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.

—P. 62—93 All-Time Favorites.

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along — on Moonlight Bay.
We could hear the voices ringing — they seemed to say,
You have stolen my heart, now don't go 'way,
As we sang love's old sweet song on Moonlight Bay.

—P. 18—Hits Through The Years.

LITTLE GIRL

Little girl, you're the one girl for me,
Little girl, you're as sweet as can be.
Just a glance at you meant love from the start,
And oh, what a thrill came into my heart.
Little girl, with your cute little ways,
I am yours, for the rest of my days.
And this great big world will be divine,
Little girl, when you're mine, all mine.

—P. 44—Forty Hits.

PRETTY BABY

Everybody loves a baby, that's why I'm in love with you,
Pretty Baby — Pretty Baby.
And I'd like to be your sister, brother, dad and mother too,
Pretty Baby — Pretty Baby.
Won't you come and let me rock you in my cradle of love,
And we'll cuddle all the time.
Oh, I want a lov-in' baby and it might as well be you,
Pretty Baby of mine.

—P. 74—Gay Nineties.

BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey? Won't you come home?
She moans de whole day long.
I'll do de cooking, darling, I'll pay de rent;
I know I've done you wrong.
'Member dat rain-y eve dat-- I drove you out,
Wid nothing but a fine tooth comb?
I knows I'se to blame; well, ain't dat a shame?
Bill Bailey, won't you please come home?

—P. 31—Gay Nineties.

MICKEY

Mickey, Pretty Mickey,
With your hair of raven hue
In your smiling, so beguiling
There's a bit of Killarney,
A bit of blarney too.
Childhood, in the wild wood,
Like a mountain flower you grew.
Pretty Mickey, Pretty Mickey,
Can you blame anyone,
For falling in love with you.

—Sheet Music.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My Grandfather's Clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
But it weighed not a penny-weight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride;
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.
Ninety years without slumbering—
Tick-Tock-Tick-Tock.
His life's seconds numbering—
Tick-Tock-Tick-Tock.
It stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

—P. 38—Songs of Show Boat.

PEGGY O'NEIL

Peggy O'Neil is a girl who could steal
Any heart, anywhere, anytime.
And I'll put you wise how you'll recognize
This wonderful girl of mine.
If her eyes are blue as skies—that's Peggy O'Neil.
If she's smiling all the while—that's Peggy O'Neil.
If she walks like a sly little rogue,
If she talks with a cute little brogue.
Sweet personality—full of rascality—that's Peggy O'Neil.

—Sheet Music.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going
I shall miss your sweet face and your smile.
Just because you are weary and tired,
You are changing your Range for a while.

Chorus:

Then come sit here a while ere you leave us,
Do not hasten to bid us adieu.
Just remember the Red River Valley,
And the Cowboy who loved you so true.

—P. 66—Mammoth Songs.

IN THE EV'NING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the Ev'ning by the Moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing.
In the Ev'ning by the Moonlight,
You could hear those Banjos ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the Ev'ning by the Moonlight.

—P. 12—Songs of Show Boat.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tete, je te plumerai la tete.
(Leader) Et la tete (everybody) Et la tete, O
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, O
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete, O
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.

—P. 37—Songs of Show Boat.

SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear drops,
As the sunshine steals away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of love alone can see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

—P. 78—Gay Nineties.

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES

I'm forever blowing bubbles—pretty bubbles in the air...
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
Then like my dreams, they fade and die,
Fortunes always hiding—I've looked everywhere...
I'm forever blowing bubbles—pretty bubbles in the air.

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD

If you were the only girl in the world—and I were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world today,
We could go on loving in the same old way.
A Garden of Eden, just made for two, with nothing to mar our joy.
I would say such wonderful things to you,
There would be such wonderful things to do.
If you were the only girl in the world—and I were the only boy.

—P. 26—Hits Through The Years.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on de railroad,
All de live-long day;
I've been working on de railroad,
To pass de time away.
Doan' yo' hyar de whistle blowin,
Rise up early in the morn;
Doan' yo' hyar de captain shoutin'
Dinah, blow yo' horn.

—P. 30—Gay Nineties.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile;
While you've a lucifer to light your fag
Smile, boys, that's the style;
What's the use of worrying,
It never was worth while — so —
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile!

GALWAY BAY

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Then maybe at the closing of your day,
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Glad-dagh,
And see the sun go down on Gal-way Bay.
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
The women in the meadows making hay,
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin,
And watch the barefoot gos-soons at their play.
And if there is going to be a life here-after,
And somehow I am sure there's going to be,
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
In that dear land across the Irish Sea.

—P. 22—Forty Hits.

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along, singing a song — Side by Side.
We don't know what's coming tomorrow,
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
But we'll travel the road, sharin' our load —
Side by Side.
Thru' all kinds of weather, what if the sky should fall?
Just as long as we're together, it doesn't matter at all.
When they've all had their quarrels and parted,
We'll be the same as we started,
Just travelin' along, singing a song — Side by Side.

—P. 38—Fireside Memories.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd—
Buy me some peanuts and cracker jack,
I don't care if I never get back;
Let me root, root, root for the home team
If they don't win it's a shame—
For it's one, two, three strikes
You're out, at the old ball game.

—Sheet Music.

BABY FACE

Baby Face — You've got the cutest little Baby Face
There's not another one can take your place,

Baby Face.

My poor heart is jumpin'

You sure have started something

Baby Face.

I'm up in heaven when I'm in your fond embrace.

I didn't need a shove,

'Cause I just fell in love,

With your pretty Baby Face.

—Bing Crosby's Album.

SHORT'NIN' BREAD

Put on de skillet, put on de led,
Mammy's gwine to make a li'l Short'nin' Bread.
Dat ain't all she's gwine to do,
Mammy's gwine to make a li'l coffee too.

Chorus:

Mammy's little baby loves Short'nin', Short'nin',
Mammy's little baby loves Short'nin' Bread.
Mammy's little baby loves Short'nin', Short'nin',
Mammy's little baby loves Short'nin' Bread.
Slipped in de kitchen, slipped up de led,
Slipped my pockets full of Short'nin' Bread.
Stole de skillet, stole de led,
Stole de gal to make Short'nin' Bread.

Chorus:

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a Four-Leaf Clover,
That I overlooked before.

One leaf for Sunshine, the second is Rain,
Third is the Roses that grow in the lane.

No need explaining — The one remaining,
Is somebody I adore.

I'm looking over a Four-Leaf Clover,
That I overlooked before.

—Bing Crosby's Album.

SONGS FOR THE LIONS

No. 1

Tune: **TIPPERARY**

It's a great thing to be a Lion,
It's a great thing to know.
Every Lion sitting 'round you,
With a smile and glad hello.
Good fellowship a-spreading,
Here, there, everywhere.
It's a great thing to be a Lion,
And my heart's right there. —Lions Song Book.

No. 2

Tune: **PEGGY O'NEIL**

If he's friendly all the while—Let's hear that Lion Roar (ROAR).
If his smiling sets the style—Let's hear that Lion Roar (ROAR).
If he looks like a man of affairs,
If he acts like a fellow that cares,
Great personality, full of vitality—Let's hear that Lion Roar.

No. 3

Tune: **FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW**

I'd rather belong to the Lions,
I'd rather belong to the Lions,
I'd rather belong to the Lions, than any club I know.
Than any club I know,
Than any club I know.
I'd rather belong to the Lions,
I'd rather belong to the Lions,
I'd rather belong to the Lions, than any club I know.

No. 4

Tune: **THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER**

There's something about a Lion,
There's something about a Lion,
There's something about a Lion that is fine, fine, fine.
He may be a little short one,
He may be a great big bald one,
He may be roly poly when he dines, dines, dines.
But there's something about his bearing,
Something in what he's wearing,
Something about his face that's all a-shine, shine, shine.
Oh, the emblem on his chest,
Seems to suit his style the best,
There's something about a Lion that is fine, fine, fine.

No. 5

Tune: **PEGGY O'NEIL**

If you lend a helping hand — That's the Lions code.
If you love your native land — That's the Lions code.
Serve with never a thought of yourself,
Strict attention or up on the shelf,
All hospitality, pep and vitality — That's the Lions code.

